it. In places there are great floating masses, loosely anchored along the shores, composed of a variety of grasses, sedges, and other plants. I am informed on good authority that the American lotus (*Nelumbo lutea*) grows in this lake, but I did not see it, although there was an abundance of *Nymphaea* and *Brasenia*. One of the conspicuous trees of the borders of the marshes is the Pito (*Erythrina glauca*), covered at this season of the year with its gay orange blossoms.

We reached the opposite end of the lake and landed about dusk at a small group of huts called Pito Solo. Immediately we took an automobile for the remainder of our trip, over the mountains to Siguatepeque.

This portion of the day's journey was made in darkness, of course, but on the return trip the plant life was observed closely. On the north side of the mountains, where there is plentiful moisture, there is a curious mixture of Pines and obviously temperate plants with others, such as Aroids, which are essentially tropical. In one place I saw growing for the first time that curious Acanthaceous genus, *Louteridium*.

That night we drove serenely up the mountain side, quite unaware of the spectacular nature of the road we were following. From Lake Yojoa to the Pacific coast there is an excellent gravel highway, constructed by Honduran engineers, and there are in its course many hairpin curves above precipitous slopes that one can pass with greater complacency when they are obscured by darkness than when they are in open view.

It was a beautiful clear starry night, rather too chilly for comfort, as is commonly the case in the Central American highlands. There were few settlements along the road, but now and then we had a flashing glimpse of kitchens lighted by hearth fires, with white-clad people gathered about the smoky flames. From the mountains overhanging Siguatepeque, after passing the divide, we could scarcely make out the town, for its electric light plant was not in operation. About nine o'clock, however, we were jolted over cobblestones, and realized by this universal Central American signal that we had left the countryside and had arrived in a settlement.

I spent two weeks collecting about Siguatepeque, and enjoyed every bit of the time. Enjoyment was heightened by the clean and exceedingly comfortable little hotel, managed so competently by Don José Membreño, the most delightful place of the sort in all Central America in which it has been my privilege to be received as a guest. It stands on one side of the grass-grown plaza which surrounds the dazzlingly white parish church. The patio or courtyard of the hotel is a lovely garden, planted with orange, peach, and pear trees, and fragrant with a profusion of flowers, among which a gardener putters all day long. Its quiet is broken only by the occasional ringing of the church bells, and the quarreling of a couple of red and yellow guaras or macaws, calling to each other in endearing and honeyed terms, while doing their

best to peck out each other's eyes, or tearing out the weathered red roof tiles.

Before returning to the north coast, we made the trip by automobile to Tegucigalpa, which lies only 60 miles from the Pacific and the picturesque port of Amapala, where I collected plants seven years earlier. The road to the capital, although too long and tedious, from the standpoint of transportation, and too often disagreeably dusty, is nevertheless fascinating to a botanist. For most of its length it runs through the somewhat monotonous Pine-clad mountains, climbing laboriously to a crest, then descending precipitously down another slope. One of its most impressive vistas is that across the wide valley of Comayagua, shortly beyond Siguatepeque. Never shall I forget that early morning breakfast at Sambrano, high in the Pine forests, just before the valley was reached. How cold it was just after daybreak, and how pure and bracing the air, like that of our own Rocky Mountains.

The Comayagua Valley is perhaps 50 miles across, and shut in by high hazy mountains on every side. These mountains bar the rain clouds, and the valley receives but scant rainfall—none at all, of course, during the winter, or dry season. Its general aspect is parched, and one is reminded inevitably of the famous and larger Zacapa Desert of northern Guatemala, or of the arid areas along the Pacific coast of Guatemala, and Salvador. There is the same scrubby thorn forest, of Leguminosae and other shrubs and small trees, many of which shed their leaves when the rains cease. There is little herbaceous vegetation in evidence during the dry period, although doubtless there is enough when the rains are falling almost daily, in midsummer. There are many steep exposed slopes and rocks, decorated with a stately Agave, one of the handsomest of the genus that I have ever seen. Its compact bluish clusters of neat spiny leaves form a fitting pedestal for the sturdy flower stalks and their ample panicles of yellow flowers. There are Furcraeas, too, and such a profusion of Cactuses as one finds only in Mexico, or about Zacapa in Guatemala. The arborescent forms are not so varied, but there is one columnar *Cereus* of the subgenus *Cephalocereus*, whose few thick branches are topped with straggling masses of long white hair. Still more imposing are the tree Opuntias, some of which are symmetrical trees 20 to 30 feet high, with clean trunks and dense rounded crowns of large pads. Low Opuntias grow over the plains, and there are various other Cactuses, particularly a large *Echinocactus* of the barrel cactus type.

Here and there through the brushland trees were coming into bloom at the time of our visit. Vines of the Bignoniaceae were draped in purple festoons over low trees, and blue *Petrea* supplied a welcome dash of color. The Tabebuias presented vivid masses of blossoms above the withered leaves. The rose and purple of the Macuelizo (*Tabebuia pentaphylla*), one of the finest of all Central American trees, were more